



DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

1ST OCTAVO VOL.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1814.

NO. 24.

EUGENIA DE MIRANDE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

TOWARDS the close of last summer, a young man named Linval walking in the Tuilleries, found, near the delightful bower where the exquisite statues of Hippomenes and Atalanta are placed, the following billet upon the ground ;

‘ An opportunity is offered to the person who shall find this billet of doing a good action. If the person is disposed to do it, he is requested to go to the Rue de Saintonge, No. 1342, and ask for Eugenia de Mirande.

‘ P. S. Should the finder be unwilling to go to the assistance of an unfortunate mother, he is requested not to prevent another person from doing it, but to drop the billet where he found it.’

Linval is the best dancer in Paris after Trenis ; he read the billet, hummed a new air, while he was reading it, and then, with a stroke of his bamboo, whisked it into the air, and hastened to the Fauxbourg du Roule, to give his opinion upon a robe of exquisite taste, but which it was feared was not sufficiently striking.

The second person who picked it up was a man of middle age, simply clad

and walking quick. He stopped, however, to read it, but casting his eyes towards Heaven, as if he meant to say ‘ It is not to me that this letter is address’d,’ he placed it respectfully in its former place.

A contractor came next, one of those men who think themselves moderate because they are content with the trifling gain of three thousand francs a day, and who are purse-proud and impudent : he first kicked the billet, then picked it up from curiosity. Scarcely had he read it when he tore into a thousand pieces, exclaiming, ‘ ’Tis a trap.’

The next day, precisely at the same place, another billet was deposited exactly similar to the former. The first person who perceived it had the delicacy to take the address, and to place the billet where he found it. A young married couple perceived it a few minutes afterwards. After having read it, madame C——, who was on the point of becoming a mother, said to her husband, ‘ My love, let us see the person to whom we are directed. What we have to give is but little, but a slight benefit often prevents the unfortunate from giving themselves up to despair, and inspires them with courage to wait for better days.’

The young couple proceeded to the Rue de Saintonge. But at Paris, the

having the name, the street, and the number, is by no means sufficient to insure the finding of the real place. Some houses have the numbers they had before the revolution; from other houses the revolution has removed the former numbers and placed others. The sections have successively accumulated upon the walls of Paris cyphers of all colors, and not at all regular. After having walked twice up and down the streets, the young couple at length found out No. 1342.—They learnt that the house was occupied by an old man, formerly a physician, who had retired, who passed for a rich man, and who had an only daughter, distinguished for her wit and her talents.

The young couple were shown up a very handsome stair-case to the first floor, where they were ushered into a room furnished without gaudiness, but with perfect taste. They asked to speak to Eugénia de Mirande, and a young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, graceful and elegant, rose and showed them into a small apartment where every thing showed that the useful and agreeable were habitually cultivated; books, pamphlets, music-books, instruments, drawings, were in different parts of the room—every thing bespoke affluence of circumstances.

‘I fear said madame C***, ‘I have fallen into some mistake. We read your address, madame, upon a billet we found in the Tuilleries; and we determined to offer some assistance to the person pointed out; but we perceive here that there are charms to delight, not sorrows to be relieved.’

Eugénia de Mirande, for it was to her they spoke, explained to them, but with some embarrassment, that she was only the organ of a lady, very much to be pitied, who, from a sentiment of pride, wished to conceal herself, but who was worthy of the interest she had excited.

‘In that case,’ said madame C——, request her to permit me to see her; I do not think that she ought to blush at the visit of one of her own sex, who is not a stranger to sorrow.’

The young lady evaded the request,

under a pretext that her *protegee* had a whimsical imagination, which rendered it difficult to confer an obligation upon her.

‘But she has children?’

‘Three; and she has just lost, after a long and expensive illness, a husband, whose labor supplied them with the means of living.’

‘Good God! what a situation! and what age are the children?’

‘They are all young; a girl of five years and a half is the eldest.’

‘I shall soon,’ said madame C——, with a blush which lent a new charm to her beauty, ‘be a mother myself; this is sufficient to interest me for the fate of these little innocents; yet this circumstance unfortunately prevents me from having the satisfaction of taking one of the children; my own will demand all my care; but permit me at least to send a small bundle for the eldest child; for I cannot believe that, with such a friend as you, the family can be exposed to the want of the absolute necessities of life.’

Eugénia de Mirande thanked the lady in the name of her friend, and accepted the present, after taking down the name and address of madame C——.

Scarcely had the young couple retired, when a young man came upon the same errand.

‘Your pardon, madam,’ he said to Eugénia, ‘it is not you I am in search of, but Eugénia de Mirande.’

A similar explanation—similar as astonishment. After having heard the story of the unfortunate person, the young man appeared to be much moved.

‘How happens it, that a widow and three little innocents should be absolutely without succour, upon so fertile a soil as our’s, and in the midst of an enlightened nation?’

‘You are in the right, sir; but where is the remedy?’

‘The remedy, madam, would be, to give a little more provident wisdom to Frenchmen, and make them understand, that after to-morrow, there is another day to come; and that when we quit this life, we leave behind us often the dearest part of ourselves. But this is not the point to be considered now—

The situation of the lady, about whom you have interested yourself, is dreadful, and, whatever be the causes, let us try to soften them.'

Eugenia received the present which the young man gave.

'I am not rich, madam, and that is the reason my donation is so trifling; but when we are prudent, we can always though young, have something to give.'

'But, sir, money is not the sole benefit we can extend to the wretched;—good offices and tenderness do them much more service.'

'Is your friend, madam, in want of such offices? speak the word, and there is nothing I will not do upon your recommendation.'

'Yet forgive me, sir—let my motives excuse my indiscretion,—does your situation in life afford you the means of speaking to the minister?'

'No, madam, my father cultivates property in the environs of Paris; he has passed his whole life in doubling its value by constant care and good management, but never was he seen in the avenues of power; this is what I congratulate him upon more than I praise him, for we do not frequent the antichambers of men in place for one's pleasure. Happily I have no more need to do so than he—I partake with five brothers and sisters, who love me, and whom I love, the patrimony he will leave us; and I hope the minister will never hear us spoken of. Yet if it be necessary to solicit him in favour of your friend, I am ready to it. What is it she wants?'

'To establish a claim that is just—the security of one of our armies rendered it necessary to destroy an establishment which the husband of the widow founded; he asks for indemnity.'

'And must she have protection, madam, to obtain this?'

'Protection is not necessary to obtain it, because it is just; but we wish for protection, in order that the business may not linger in the *bureaux*, before it is seen by the minister.'

'I see,' said Latremblaye, the name of the young man, 'that we must lay before the minister a concise and clear

memorial, which shall make him feel the justice of the claim.'

'That is just the thing; but the memorial must be drawn.'

Both were silent.

'I scarcely dare ask you,' said Eugenia.

'Why not? I should have offered to do it, if I had not been afraid of doing it ill. Besides, I am ignorant of the details of the affair.'

'I will communicate them.'

Eugenia retired a moment, and returned with her father. She requested him to ask Latremblaye to dinner, in order that he might be furnished with the details of the business in question. The old gentleman intreated the young man to fix a day, which after mutual compliments, he did.

Latremblaye came at the appointed time; the dinner was gay, and the conversation lively: every subject was introduced, except the one which had been the occasion of the dinner. Latremblaye thought Eugenia charming. She was well-informed, and had vivacity and wit. After dinner she introduced the affair of the unfortunate lady. Latremblaye heard her with attention, and promised to draw up the memorial in two days. He performed his promise, and succeeded perfectly well: energy, clearness, precision, nothing was wanting. Eugenia read it with marks of the warmest satisfaction.

'There is a strength, a sensibility, Sir, in the style, which render it impossible for the minister not to yield to your reasoning; and were I in the minister's place, you should certainly not experience a refusal.'

Latremblaye blushed and knew not what to reply.

'Nor is this all, Sir, we must give to your memorial a new degree of eloquence; it must be presented by the person herself who is supposed to have written it. The gesture, voice, and look of the person interested will add to the impression it ought to produce. Attempt to procure a *rendezvous*, in order that the lady may deliver it herself to the minister.'

After a week's exertions, Latremblaye

came one evening to Eugenia with a triumphant air.—‘I have procured an interview for to-morrow; give your friend notice, and with this paper all doors will be open to her.’

‘What gratitude do I not owe you! You will have the satisfaction of having snatched this poor family from despair;—but do not abandon her till you have conducted her to the door. A woman softened by grief, and timid, would appear to disadvantage unaccompanied.—Do you consent to go with her?’

This last act of complacence cost Latremblaye much; yet the habit of yielding to the wishes of Eugenia, the desire of ensuring the success of the business, a curiosity to see the unknown, conquered his repugnance, and he promised to come the next day to Eugenia’s where the mysterious lady was to be.

The next day, Eugenia, without being full-dressed, was more carefully dressed than usual; her hair fell gracefully over her forehead and down her neck, her eyes sparkled and her bosom heaved as Latremblaye entered. He looked round the room, and said, ‘The lady is not yet come?’

‘No,’ replied Eugenia, with some emotion.

‘I will wait for her.’

He took a seat near the tea-table at which Eugenia was sitting. A silence of some minutes ensued—Each stole looks at the other.—Latremblaye blushed, and would have been put out of countenance if Eugenia had not blushed also.

Latremblaye at length said, but with some hesitation, ‘I ought madam, to bless this circumstance (Eugenia cast her eyes upon the ground.) which has introduced me to your acquaintance.

‘Whatever satisfaction you feel sir, you must derive from a conviction. The zeal you have shown—I assure you I have been——gratified, pleased with it.’

A second silence ensued as long as the first. Latremblaye at length took a desperate resolution.

‘I am doing right; I know not that I feel—you but I cannot conceal what I know it as well as I do.’

Eugenia could by a word have relieved his embarrassment; but in such circumstances the female bosom however human, never carries its humanity so far, and when arrived at that point, women force us to tell them what they know already; so that the poor young man confessed he loved her. Eugenia had propriety enough to keep a just medium between the offended air which would only have suited a prude, and that satisfied manner which ill accords with the modesty of her sex. The conversation changed; but it became animated, lively; relieved from a burthen, it proceeded with lightness, grace, and ease. Questions were asked and answered without hesitation: each communicated their pursuits, their modes of thinking and speaking upon different subjects, with such confidence, that they did not perceive they had been waiting for the lady’s quarters of an hour.

Latremblaye at length noticed the non-arrival—‘She is not come yet!’

‘She will not come at all,’ replied Eugenia.

Latremblaye, in utter astonishment, looked at Eugenia, whose eyes answered only by an expression of languor mixed with a smile, which produced together an inexpressible grace.

‘Would you,’ said Eugenia, ‘be very, very angry with me, if, by chance, there should be no truth in the history of my unfortunate lady?—if all this was but a proof, a means of pointing out to my heart a man whose sensibility was not the effect of sensual desires?’

Latremblaye knew not what to answer.

‘You will, perhaps, believe me,’ continued Eugenia, ‘when I tell you that I have received the homage of several men; will you also believe me, when I add that none of those who distinguished me was precisely such a one as I wished? The death of my mother, whom I lost early, has given a considerable degree of independence to my mind. My father is my friend, I consult him always; his manner of viewing things is liberal: he permitted me to make a trial, a bold one without doubt, but which, however, could go no further than I wished.’

'I am not recovered from my surprise,' said Latrembiaye — 'What was it but a feint? It has cost you much, I am sure, for I recollect several circumstances in which you were interdicted.'

'It is true; but I was supported by the intention of confessing every thing.'

'And my memorial?'

'I will keep it,' said Eugenia, 'as a monument of the goodness of your heart, and the eloquence of your style?'

'And the author of the memorial, what will you make of him?'

'My husband,' replied Eugenia, with downcast looks, 'if he wishes it, and if our two families consent.'

The two families, composed of good persons, easily consented, and the young couple were united at Paris a few weeks ago. As soon as they were united they went to pay a visit to madame C***, to relieve her from her benevolent anxiety, and to make her an elegant present for the bundle which she had sent for the unfortunate lady.

PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY.

[From Roscoe's Lorenzo De Medicis]

FROM many circumstances there is great reason to conclude that the doctrines of Plato were applied to practical use, and had a considerable influence on the manners and morals of the age. The object towards which mankind have always directed their mind, and in the acquisition of which every system, both of religion and philosophy, proposes to assist their endeavors, is the *sumum bonum*, the greatest possible degree of attainable happiness; but in what this chief good consists has not been universally agreed upon, and this variety of opinion constitutes the essential difference between the ancient sects of philosophy. Of all these sects there was none whose tenets were so elevated and sublime, so calculated to withdraw the mind from the gratifications of sense and the inferior objects of human pursuit, as that of the Platonists; which by demonstrating the imperfection of every sensual enjoyment and every temporal blessing, rose at

length to the contemplation of the supreme cause, and placed the ultimated good in a perfect abstraction from the world and an implicit love of God. How far these doctrines may be consistent with our nature and destination, and whether such sentiments may not rather lead to a dereliction than a completion of our duty, may, perhaps, be doubted: but they are well calculated to attract a great and aspiring mind. Mankind, however, often arrive at the same conclusion by different means, and we have, in our own days, seen a sect rise up, whose professors employing a mode of deduction precisely opposite to the Platonists of the 15th century, strongly resemble them in their sentiments and manners. Those important conclusions which the one derived from the highest cultivation of intellect, the other has found in an extreme of humiliation, and a constant degradation and contempt of all human endowments. Like navigators, who steer a course directly opposite, they meet, at last, at the same point of the globe. And the sublime reveries of the Platonists, as they appear in the works of some of their followers, and the doctrines of the modern Methodists are, at times, scarcely distinguishable in their respective writings.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Alexander the Great, passing through Corinth, had the curiosity to go to see the philosopher Diogenes, who was there at that time. He found him seated in a covered tub, with the open part turned towards the sun. "I am the Great King Alexander," said he to the philosopher. "And I am the dog Diogenes," replied the philosopher. "I am a good man," said Alexander. "Well, who has any reason to fear the good?" replied Diogenes. Alexander admired the subtilty of his mind, and the free manner in which he spoke. After having had some conversation with him, he said to him, "I see, Diogenes, that you are in want of many things: I shall be very glad to give you my assistance. Ask of me whatever you please." Get then from between me and the sun, (said he) and do not take from me that

which you cannot give me." Alexander was astonished, having never before met with any man, who was above all human concerns. "Who is the richer man, (continued Diogenes) he who is contented with his cloak and his wallet, or he who, having an extensive kingdom, is not satisfied, and who every day exposes himself to a thousand dangers to extend its limits!" Alexander's courtiers were very angry, that so great a King, should so long honour with his conversation such a surly wretch as Diogenes, who did not even rise from his seat while he spoke to him. The King perceived their anger, and turning about, said to them, "If I were not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes."

REMARKS. BY ROBERT BURNS.

As I am what the men of the world, if they knew such a man, would call a whimsical mortal: I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment, which are, in a manner *peculiar* to myself; or some here and there, such other out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of winter, more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast: but there is something even in the

'Mighty tempest, and the hoary waste
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried
earth.'

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity, favorable to every thing great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to *him* who in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.'

SHERSTONE finely observes, that love verses, writ without any real passion,

are the most nauseous of all conceits: and I have often thought that no man can be a proper critic of love-composition, except he himself, in one or more instances, have been a warm votary of this passion. As I have been all along a miserable dupe to love, and have been led into a thousand weaknesses and follies by it, for that reason I put the more confidence in my critical skill, in distinguishing foppery and conceit from real passion and nature.

ANECDOTES.

AN HONOUR REJECTED.

"Sancho," said a dying planter to his slave, "for your faithful services I mean to do you an honour, and I will leave it in my will, that you shall be buried in our family ground"—"Ah! massa," replied Sancho, "Sancho no good be buried—Sancho have rather de money or de freedom; besides, if the devil come in de dark to look for massa, he make mistake, and take away de poor negro man!"

THE CURSE CONCLUSIVE.

An Irishman was once in a bad predicament, for having sworn two oaths. The justice charged him two shillings. "How much do you charge for a curse?" said Pat, "Sixpence," replied the justice. "Why then, as I hate small change," returned Paddy, "take my half-crown, and a curse light on you all."

An Irish soldier once returning from battle in the night, marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him, "Hollo, Pat, I have taken a prisoner!" "Bring him along then! bring him along!" "Aye, but he wont come." "Why then come away without him." "By J---s he wont let me!"

MISERIES.

A cupboard in the parlour in which you are making love—with the consequent perpetual intrusion of one prying servant after another, clattering among the shelves with glasses, tea things, &c.—and all this, just towards the crisis of reciprocal confessions!

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

To the Patriotic Ladies of our Metropolis.

Ye Fair of our city ! to you we appeal,
Whose hearts are not wrapt in a casement of
steel ;

Ye who weep o'er the soldier and share in his
woe,

Whose tears for your fond-one in sympathy
flow ;

To you we appeal and to you we apply,
To assist and support us, if but with a sigh !
When return'd from our labour, worn down,
and oppress'd,

May we in your arms be receiv'd and caress'd

May you smile when you see us returning
again,

(A smile on your lips is a balm for our pain.)
But you, my fair patriots, would you but
come,

When you hear the hoarse noise of the war-
sounding drum,

With your eyes so bewitchingly piercing and
keen,

Your cheeks flush'd with roses and aspect
serene,

To the forts on the heights of rough Brooklyn
repair,

And with us the joys of our misery share,

How gladly we'd see you ! we'd shout and
declare.

" The Hero alone is deserving the fair ! "

The spades are prepar'd and the hand-barrows
too,

The finest of all have been chosen for you.

Your delicate hands (like the white driven
snow)

May assist in repelling the merciless foe ;

Oh come then and aid us ; we'll shout and
declare,

" The Hero alone is deserving the fair ! "

This earnest call is made by me,
The Chairman of the Committee,
and POET LAUREATE.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

Address to a young Lady, whose poetic effu-
sions were signed the Harp, and who has
lately declined all future correspondence
with the muses.

Farewell to the harp that so lately I priz'd,
Farewell to the strings that now vibrate no
more ;

If friendship's soft hand cannot hope to inspire
Thy form, then the song of the muses is o'er.

How often has fancy portray'd thee my friend,
Thro' life's mazy paths as I laughing should
tread ;

No safer or dearer companion than thee,
To cheer me while living or wail me when
dead.

But oh faithless harp, like the friend ship o
earth,

Still flat'ring the heart that it means but to
wound :

Forgotten by thee thro' this world's mazy
round,

I must wander alone and thus sink to the
tomb.

I once fondly hop'd, when the bright flame
of life

Had sunk in its socket, all wasted and worn,
When buried and cold in the bosom of

earth,

Thy requiem numbers would breathe o'er my
form :

But farewell that hope, it was earthly & vain ;
Let me live such a life as when death from

his quiver,

Shall single an arrow and point it at me,
I may rest in the arms of my Saviour forever

ELLA.

Communicated for the Museum.

A Tribute of Gratitude from one who knows
by melancholy experience, the sad suffer-
ings arising from " imprisonment for debt."

From HOWARD's pen how sweet the num-
bers flow,

How well describ'd each tender scene of woe.

Go read his " Prison Tales," for they reveal
Facts that must make the hardest bosom feel :

There read how hapless " Brown" resign'd
his breath,

And sweet Eliza's sad untimely death ;

While the fond father asks, but asks in vain,
To see his lov'd and dying child again.

Oh Howard, how I love thy feeling mind,
By every noble, generous grace refin'd.

Oh ! could our country more such Howard's
boast,

Then for a debt would Freedom ne'er be lost.

Well thou'd deserve thy predecessor's name :

For thou like him shall rise to honest fame,
Thy heart, thy views, thy motives all the same.

FORTUNE.

Inconstant Fortune, light as air,
Involves us now in black despair ;

Now soothes with flattering smiles :

In disappointments takes delight,

And mocking us in cruel spite,

All human kind beguiles.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY OCTOBER 15, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

On Monday last the President laid before Congress, the despatches from our commissioners in Europe, brought by the John Adams; dated at Ghent the 12th and 19th of August: which, from the unexpected and very extraordinary demands of the British government, to which they refer, seem to place peace more distant than at the commencement of the war. They demand

The right to take their own seamen wherever found in our merchant vessels on the ocean. Claiming the allegiance of all their native born subjects.

That a definitive boundary shall be assigned to the Indian Nations in alliance with them during the war; this boundary to remain as a barrier between the British provinces and the United States.

That (as they say) for the purpose of securing their Canadian possessions from sudden invasion, and preventing future disputes, they demand the sole command of the Lakes from Lake Ontario to Lake Superior, both inclusive, as the natural military frontier of their possessions in North-America: but the lakes to remain free for commercial navigation and intercourse.

The boundary line west of Lake Superior to the Mississippi, to be revised, and the treaty right of Great-Britain to the free navigation of that river to be continued.

They demand a direct communication from Halifax, by the way of the province of New-Brunswick, to Quebec, by a cession of that part of the district of Main, which intervenes.

Those islands lying in the Bay of Passamaquoddy, which they captured this summer, the British commissioners observed was not a subject for discussion as they considered them of right as belonging to Great-Britain.

The treaty privilege of 1783, to land and dry fish within the territorial jurisdiction of Great-Britain, they will not continue without an equivalent.

To the above demands of the British government, it appears our commissioners gave their unanimous and decided negative; and express their opinion to our government, that at present there is not any hopes of peace.

The official letter of capt. Blakeley, of the U. S. ship of war Wasp, about the action with the British brig Reindeer, which the Wasp captured, states his loss at 5 killed and 21 wounded. The loss on board the Reindeer at 25 killed and 42 wounded.

General Brown's official despatch of the sortie on the 17th ultimo, states his loss, in killed, wounded and missing, at 45 officers, and 466 non-commissioned officers & privates.

Accounts from the Chesapeake say, that a considerable force landed last week from the British ships lying in the Potomac, and had marched to Northumberland Court-House and still retain it.

Such are the times that scarcely an article of intelligence comes to hand, it is so distorted and coloured, that any reliance can be placed on. The account published last week of the investment of Sacket's Harbour, and the possession of Mobile by the enemy, it appears has no foundation in truth.

Gen. Jackson, writes from Mobile, under date of Sept. 17, that the enemy had attacked Fort Bowyer at the point, and had been defeated with the loss of a frigate blown up.

As a tribute of respect to gen. Brown, the corporation have voted him the freedom of the city in a gold box, and requested his portrait to be taken for the gallery of portraits in the city-hall.

Commodore Perry yesterday received the freedom of the city in a Gold Box, with an elegant & impressive address from the mayor.

Gen. Izard, it is said has crossed the Niagara at Lewistown, and formed a junction with gen. Brown.

The U. S. ship of war Peacock, capt. Warrington, it is said has made several captures in the Irish Channel. and that she has had an action with the Pelican brig, which is said to have been sunk.

Late accounts from South-America, state that a most dreadful warfare is carried on between the Royalists and Revolutionists, in different parts of the country, and with various success, in some places liberating the slaves, who have turned upon their masters.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mrs Ann Halsey, wife of Mr John Halsey. The venerable Mrs Mary Welsh, aged 85.

Mr Henry I. Kip, aged 32.

Mr Adam Dobbs Mount.

Miss Jane Bailey, aged 28, daughter of Mr. John Bailey.

Mrs Osgood, relict of the late Samuel Osgood, esq.

Maj. Reinheart, aged 73.

Mr. George Brady, aged 27.

THE MUSEUM.

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No 102 Water-street, a little below the Coffee House, New-York. City subscribers to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole, in advance.